

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

A NEW TALE OF TEMPER.

By Mrs. Opie.

"WELL my dear friend," said George Mowbray to Mrs. Sullivan, I hope you will be satisfied now, for I have serious thoughts of marrying." "I shall not only be satisfied, but delighted," she replied, "if you make a choice worthy of you."

George Mowbray was an orphan who had inherited a large fortune from honourable ancestors, and in him, as he had neither brother nor sister, was centered all the accumulated wealth of his family. He had no vices; some virtues and talents; some learning; a great deal of taste; and a love for travelling and wandering about, which had led him to remain single, till nine and twenty, spite of the earnest advice of Mrs. Sullivan, though her influence over Mowbray's mind was unquestionably great. Mrs. Sullivan had been left a widow early in life, but had never formed a second connexion; and had passed the greater part of her time with Mowbray's widowed mother, till that lady died. She had therefore been very early interested in the fate of George Mowbray: and her sweetness of temper, her amusing talents, and the superiority of her understanding, made her society a constant source of benefit and pleasure to him; when, on Mrs. Mowbray's death, she took up her abode in the village adjoining Mowbray's estate. To her he imparted all his pleasures and his pains, his hopes and his fears; but hitherto they had not been those of a progressive attachment: now, however, to her great joy, there seemed a prospect of his having much to communicate; and she eagerly exclaimed, "Well, George, go on! is the wife found, or have you only resolved to look about for one?"

"She is found; and I verily believe I am now, for the first time in my life, really in love."—"I am glad of it; but who is the lady?" "Do you not remember saying to

me, as we were walking one evening at Tunbridge Wells, Look, George: what a beautiful girl that is?" "I do," replied Mrs. Sullivan gravely. "So, then, it is Miss Apsley whom you have chosen for your wife."—"It is that identical beauty, whom your good taste pointed out to me. While you were in London, her father, who has retired from business, hired that pretty house across the common which you admire so much."—"Indeed! Did you become acquainted with the family before he hired it?" "Yes, after you left the Wells, I was introduced to them; therefore, as soon as they came hither, I called on them." "No doubt." "And I soon found that I was almost in love." "Then it is still only *almost* in love?" "I am too old to love without some discretion, and I have taken care to be very *guarded* in my advances, as I wish to know something of the young lady's disposition and temper before I come forward as a lover." "Very—wise, but how are you to acquire this knowledge?" "I shall be observant and watchful myself, and you perhaps will assist me with your penetration." "But the real temper of man or woman can be found out entirely, only by living in the same house, or going a journey with the object of one's solicitude." "True—but, where there is a family, I think it can be discovered in tell-tale looks at each other, sudden sharpnesses of tone, and brusqueries of manner." "Perhaps so—and has Miss Apsley brothers and sisters?" "One brother and two sisters." "Well, all I request is, that you will not let love throw prudence off her guard. We are agreed, that good temper is the most necessary quality in marriage—not for itself alone, but because it implies other good things in its possessor, namely, piety and good sense—as, without these, there can be no self-government, consequently, no good temper." "Yes—such is my opinion—and thence my projected caution."—"Which will be perhaps peculiarly necessary *here*." "Why that emphasis on *here*, my dear friend?"—"Because I once saw Miss Apsley in a milliner's shop with her mother, and when the latter contradicted her she had a suspicious nip of the brow, and answered in a sharp tone of

voice."—"Impossible!—her brows are bright—If they had been *black*, indeed! And as to her voice, her mother is so *deaf*, that she was forced to speak *loud*, and you mistook loudness for sharpness."—"But the *milliner* was not deaf—and she spoke to her in the same manner, till she saw me, and then her voice became soft and pleasing again." "I am sorry, said Mowbray, rather pettishly, "that you are so prepossessed against Miss Apsley."—"Nay, there you are unjust—I know that a hasty judgment is likely to be an erroneous one, I have therefore no faith in mine."—"But will you call on the Apsleys?"—"Certainly, it is a duty which I owe you."—"It will be a benefit conferred on me, as I think highly of your penetration, you know; and as the day is fine, suppose we go now?"

They did go, but the family were out. The next day the call was returned—and so sweet was Miss Apsley's voice, so unruffled her brow, that Mrs. Sullivan was almost convinced that she had judged her harshly. In the evening, Mowbray came to say, that, though she never went to evening parties, he hoped she would accompany him the next day to tea at Mrs. Apsley's. "There will be (said he) no company—no cards—only a little family music, which you, I know, will like."—"Oh yes,"—replied Mrs. Sullivan; "I will certainly go—as I am impatient to become acquainted with the fair Lavinia." Mowbray's park joined Mr. Apsley's garden; and, having borrowed the key of the garden door, he was conducting Mrs. Sullivan that way to the house. As the evening was fine, and the French windows of the drawing room, which opened on the lawn, were thrown open, the senses of the visitors, as they drew near, were regaled by the perfumes from a conservatory into which the sitting room opened, and their ears by a glee sweetly sung by the young members of the family. While, ever and anon, the pauses in the singing were filled with expressions of admiration from the parents; and dear Mamma, dear Papa, darling John, dearest Julia, sweet Lavinia, words of affectionate import, met the ears of the involuntary, and as *they believed*, unobserved listeners. "This is indeed, *family harmony* in more senses than one," said Mrs. Sullivan as she entered the house, while George replied by a smile of sweet delight.

Every thing which Mrs. Sullivan saw and heard during the evening, accorded with this favourable impression. Still, she could not help remembering that there are such things as company, looks, tones, and manners, as well as dress. Mrs. Apsley was deaf, as Mowbray had observed; and it seemed an habitual duty with Lavinia, to repeat to her dear mamma all that was said that was worth notice. Her dear Papa was

gouty and lame, and her arm was kindly offered to him on all occasions—while her eye was attentive to all his wants. Her tones to her brothers and sisters were the essence of sweetness—and she seemed desirous of bringing forward into notice an ill-dressed, timid girl, with a pale cheek and downcast eye, whose name had been muttered rather than pronounced, by Mrs. Apsley, when Mrs. Sullivan entered, and who was, she concluded, a *nobody*—a dependant on the family. It seemed therefore an amiable trait in Lavinia to notice her, and Mrs. Sullivan's kind heart made her eager to notice her herself. Nor could she help being much pleased with this no body, whose name was Mary Medway; for the pale cheek could, she found, be crimsoned by sensibility, and the downcast eye could light up with intelligence. That eye had also an expression which is touching and interesting in a person of any age, but particularly so with the young, from the contrast it forms with youthful hopes. For either eye had an expression of *resignation*: it seemed to say that the hopes of her youth had been prematurely blighted; that she had suffered, still suffered, and was content to suffer. But Mrs. Sullivan came to admire Lavinia; she therefore tried to give *her* her undivided attention.

After tea, the brother and sister sung glees; then Lavinia sung alone, accompanying herself on the harp. While Mowbray hung over her enamoured, Mary Medway meanwhile took her work, and retired to a corner, as if unable to bear a part in the concert. "Do you not sing, Miss Medway?" said Mrs. Sullivan. "Oh no madam," was the reply, "that is, I do not sing well enough to sing in company."—"No, no," cried Mr. Apsley, "Mary is no singer."—"Is she not?" replied John, with a tone of peculiar meaning; "but how do you know, Sir? I am sure you never heard her?" Mrs. Sullivan thought, as John said this, that Lavinia looked at her brother with that nip of the brow and flashing eye, which she had observed in the shop; but then it might be meant to reprove the disrespectful tone in which he addressed his father; and as she called him, soon after, "dearest John," and told him he should not make Mary blush by talking of her singing, she supposed he was unjust. It was late before they took leave; and as they went home she gladdened the heart of her friend, by telling him, that she really thought he might allow himself to love Lavinia, but that he need not be in a hurry to propose to her. "Why not? I have no doubt that she always is such as you now see her, gentle and affectionate to her parents, and the rest of the family, and that she will be such a wife!"—"Perhaps so; but becoming manners are sometimes put on with

becoming dress—and—did you see the look she gave her brother, when he insinuated that Miss Medway could sing!"—"Yes."—"Was it not a vixenish look?"—"No, it was a justly reproofing one; for it seemed as if he was laughing at the poor girl: she can't sing, and he ought not to laugh at a girl in her situation."—"A-propos—who is Miss Medway?"—"An orphan, and distant relation of the family, whom they have taken in on charity. She was born an heiress, but speculation ruined her father, and he died in a jail."—"Poor thing!" replied Mrs. Sullivan, adding, after a pause, "I hope they are kind to her!"—"Can you doubt it?" answered Mowbray rather pettishly; "but perhaps you do, as you could fancy Lavinia's look vixenish, and that she has a suspicious nip of the brow."—"I must own, spite of your frowns, that I see it still, and that doubts of her temper still cling to me."—"Surprising! light brows and eyes are commonly thought to give an expression of good humour; had she dark hair and eyes, like Miss Medway, then you might distrust her."—"Pardon me, but had her eyes been like her cousin's, I should have had no distrust, for a milder, sweeter eye than Miss Medway's, I never parleyed with; I like that girl, she interests me excessively."—"What! that dowdy thing! you surprise me!"—"She is dowdily dressed, but no dowdy."—"May be so, but really I have scarce looked at her, and I wonder you could, as you have such an eye for beauty and grace."—"I have an eye for expression also, and hers pleases me." Mowbray was really piqued, and provoked, at this avowal; and as there is no one so apt to be unjust as a man in love, except it be a woman in the same situation, he suspected his dear friend was hurt at his having formed an attachment, and was averse, in spite of her professed disinterestedness, at his being devoted to any other woman than herself; but the next moment he was ashamed of so unworthy a suspicion. However, he was glad that it was too late for him to continue the conversation, and he eagerly bade her good-night.

During a whole month a visiting intercourse continued between the two families. The Apsleys knew that it was paying court to Mowbray, to shew great attention to his maternal friend, and Lavinia lost no opportunity of endeavouring to win her good opinion. But increased association with this family did not give rise to increased confidence in Mrs. Sullivan's mind; and, though she knew not exactly why, the pale, dowdy, dependant girl, and the abrupt John, were the only persons who seemed to her natural characters. She, therefore, exerted all her influence over Mowbray's, to prevail on him to delay his offer a while longer. To this he most reluctantly consented, and

not without having fixed a day, at a fortnight's distance, for making his proposals: which day was rapidly approaching, when the Apsleys requested Mrs. Sullivan and Mowbray to dine with them, to partake of some fine moor-game.

That day Lavinia was more than usually gay and beautiful, her mother more than usually deaf, her father more than usually lame, and her filial attentions more valued and more marked. Mary Medway did not dine at home, but she returned in the evening, and in evident dejection. "Is she come?" said John, kindly, to her in a low voice.—"Oh! yes, but she would not let me stay with her."—"I like her for that: I can't bear that you should run the risk of making yourself ill, Mary." Mrs. Sullivan's eye now turned on Mary with an expression of benevolent approbation, and she wished to hear more of the conversation, but Lavinia came between her and them, and, coaxing Mary's hair affectionately, and kissing her forehead, she called her "dear girl," with a degree of kind interest, which gave a favourable impression of her heart to Mrs. Sullivan, and made her ashamed of not loving her more than she did. Mowbray now requested Lavinia to sing to the harp, and, while she was tuning her instrument, he stood lost in admiration of the beauty of her neck and head, as she bent over the strings. At this moment John ran against the harp; and as Mary, who was passing suddenly started back to avoid John's treading on her foot, her work-basket caught a part of Lavinia's dress of French work, and tore it. Lavinia's first impulse was evidently to give way to violent reproach against the carelessness of both; but she made an effort and forcing a laugh, cried, "Careless brother! but I forgive you!" while her faltering tone, and the crimson which spread itself over her back, convinced Mrs. Sullivan that she was in a passion, though she could not see her face. "And mistress of herself though her dress is torn!" cried Mowbray, rather *mal a-propos*, as his friend thought; but Lavinia smiled sweetly on him, and the flush of anger was mistaken by him for that of emotion at his praise. He might have been undeceived, however, if love had not blinded him; for as a pet dog jumped upon her, while she was preluding, Lavinia vented her concealed rage by giving it a blow, which sent it crying away. "Poor little dear! I had no intention of hurting it," said she, alarmed at what she had done, "but that dog cries at a touch."—"Any dog would cry out at such a touch as that," cried John, surlily. "You are always so cross to your sister, John," said the father. "She is always cross to him," said one of the younger girls, loud enough for her mother to hear.

"How can you say so?" said she, "but you always take John's part, Laura, and never do Lavinia justice."—"O yes sometimes she does indeed, mama," said Lavinia, "though I own I am jealous of her love for John. Come thou cross darling! come and sing a duet with me!" and Laura, in whose ear her mother whispered, smiled on her sister, returned her offered kiss, and sung as she was bidden. "How amiable, and how forbearing!" thought Mowbray, "was Lavinia's behaviour." Mrs. Sullivan thought differently, and sighed when she recollected that, in a few hours more, perhaps the offer would be made, and Mowbray's fate fixed.

As the evening was warm, and the moon shone very bright, Mrs. Sullivan and Mowbray walked home. "To what advantage Lavinia appeared this evening!" said Mowbray: "I hope you are convinced her temper is excellent now!"—"My dear George," she replied, "I never before was so convinced of the contrary!"—"Impossible! well, then, you are not the candid, kind creature I once thought you." At this moment Mrs. Sullivan missed her bracelet, the gift of Mrs. Mowbray, and declared she must go back, for, no doubt, she had dropped it on the path, as she had, she believed, seen it on her wrist when she left the house. "Let me go back alone," said Mowbray, but she would not consent to it, as she could not be easy without seeking herself for a jewel so dear to her. Accordingly they slowly returned, searching for the bracelet at every step—but they had already reached Mrs. Apsley's lawn without finding it, when they stopped at the sound of male and female voices in loud altercation. "What noise is that?" said Mrs. Sullivan. "I cannot tell," replied Mowbray, hastily, "but you had better stop here, and I will go and look for the bracelet." "No, I choose to go myself;" she replied, grasping his arm to prevent him from hastening on. By this means she ensured a continuance of their incognito, and thence she also hoped to ensure the detection of Lavinia's real disposition, for she was certain that she heard her voice the shrillest and loudest amongst them. She also heard epithets of an offensive nature applied by John to Lavinia, to which she replied in terms equally offensive, while the father tried to soothe, and the mother was sobbing hysterically. "Surely we had better go back," said Mowbray, in a dejected tone; we are stealing unhandsomely on their privacy."—"On, by all means," his friend replied, "for perhaps on this moment the happiness of your future life depends." So saying, she hastened forward; then, suddenly turning, she and her companion stood in front of the open French windows.

What a scene now presented itself! Mary Medway, with a countenance of wild

distress, stood between John and Lavinia, trying to keep Lavinia from striking her brother, while the florid face of the former was pale, and every fine feature distorted with passion. "Hear me, Lavinia," sobbed out the mother.—"Father, hear *me*," she replied, stamping with anger, "for I know you can hear very well when you choose." "Hold your taunting tongue, you abominable vixen!" cried the justly incensed father, seizing her arm as he hobbled forward; but with her elbows she pushed him from her, regardless of his lameness, and he nearly fell on the ground. At this instant the angry group turned, and beheld Mrs. Sullivan and Mowbray gazing on them in speechless and motionless surprise. In a moment the clamour was hushed—the lifted arm of Lavinia sunk by her side; and all, save the angry John and Mary Medway, fell back, consternated and ashamed. "We beg pardon," said Mrs. Sullivan, coldly, "for intruding thus unexpectedly upon you, but I have dropped a most dear bracelet."—"I think, Mrs. Sullivan," said John, with a sarcastic smile, "that you complimented us when you first honoured us with a visit on our *family harmony*. Pray what do you think of it now? There's a vixen for you," pointing to Lavinia. "The man who marries you, Miss Apsley, will have, as Benedict says, a predestinate scratched face. I must wear a wig, for such pulls of the hair as you give, are by no means pleasant." Lavinia looked as if she had a mind to reiterate the said pulls, but she only burst into tears of rage and mortification, for she saw that Mowbray's eyes were averted from her, as if with disgust, and feared that she could never regain his good opinion. But her mother, by a white lie, tried to exculpate her in part. She said, "that though Lavinia was rather hasty, she had a fine temper, and that John was monstrously provoking, always defending Mary Medway, and setting her up as a paragon. "And so she is," vociferated John; "when did you ever see her in a passion? and when taunted and tyrannized over, does she ever reply?" His mother spoke not, for the unexpected truth filled her with consternation.—"And now," continued he, "when the poor thing has been acting a child's part by her dying nurse, and is tired to death, it was cruel in Lavinia to abuse her as she did for tearing her gown."—"I did not abuse, I only said she was awkward," replied Lavinia, sobbing. "And why did you say that, when you know she had offered to sit up all night to mend it?" "Dear John, pray say no more," said Mary, gently. "But I will speak, I will not sit tamely by and see you insulted, Mary—you, who never speak a harsh word yourself." "You forget who are present," she answered in a low voice. "No, I do

not; I love the *truth*, and hate *disguise*. I should not like to be imposed upon myself," he added, looking with great meaning at Mowbray.

"I have found the bracelet!" exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan, joyfully, who, with one of the younger girls, had been looking for it all this time, but listening carefully to every word that passed; then, with renewed apologies, she shook Mary kindly by the hand, slightly bowed to the rest, and taking the arm of the confused and bewildered Mowbray, led him in silence away. In silence too he continued to walk, but deep-drawn sighs declared only too plainly the mortification and disappointment which he experienced. Mrs. Sullivan was too wise to make any comments. Had she made any severe remarks on Lavinia's conduct, it would have provoked Mowbray to defend her; and for her to say any thing in palliation of it was impossible. "Will you not walk in?" said she to Mowbray, when they reached the door; but he refused, and went home to a sleepless and wretched pillow. "Poor fellow!" thought Mrs. Sullivan, "he will not sleep to-night: but the wakeful misery of this night will, I trust, prevent that of many future ones; for happy, indeed, is that man, who, at whatever cost of present peace, escapes the wretchedness of being linked to a woman who possesses no control over her temper!"

The next morning, but not early, Mowbray called on Mrs. Sullivan, who delicately forbore to speak to him concerning the events of the preceding evening, anxiously expecting, however, that he would name it to her. Nor was she disappointed. After making a considerable effort, he complimented her on her superior penetration into character, owned that he was now convinced that Miss Apsley was not a woman with whom he could be happy, and thanked her heartily for having prevailed on him to defer his intended proposals. "Then you are resolved not to proceed in your addresses?"—"To be sure; could you doubt what my resolve would be?"—"I could not tell, but I rejoice to find you so reasonable: but what will you do? gradually, or at *once* discontinue your visits?"—"I mean to go *abroad*. Vixen and actress as she is, (for I am sure you think as I now do, that her filial attentions are assumed,) she is too handsome and too charming for me to trust myself near her as yet; therefore I mean to set off directly."—"A wise determination, indeed; and I shall be disinterested enough to rejoice in an absence which is so much for your good. Poor Mary Medway! what a life that sweet amiable girl must lead!"—"Pray, pray do not name her to me. She was the cause of all this misery."—"This happiness, you mean, ungrateful man! and

you have reason to bless her."—"May be so; but my associations with her name are at present disagreeable ones. Farewell! my dear friend. When we meet again I trust that I shall have come to my senses. Till then all good be with you!"—"Shall you not call to take leave of the Apsleys?"—"Yes, for I saw them all drive out just now, so I shall, for form's sake, leave my card.—Once more farewell!"

Like all men and women in love, Mowbray found that distance and absence from the object of attachment does not at first weaken its power—and he was often on the point of coming back to England, in the hope that Lavinia returned his passion sufficiently to be induced to conquer her temper, now that she must be convinced the indulgence of it had lost her a lover whom she prized. But then he fortunately recollected, that the habit of giving way to it, was a habit of much longer standing than that of caring for him; and that when he was her husband, the restraint would doubtless be again thrown off. The result of these cogitations was salutary—for it kept him abroad. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Sullivan had some difficulty in breaking off her intercourse with the Apsleys, whom she had made acquaintance with only from necessity, and whom she now wished to drop from inclination. They were not willing to give up her society, though Lavinia evidently was never at ease in her presence, because they still hoped to receive Mowbray as a guest again; but as he did not return, and Mrs. Sullivan never accepted their invitations, they quitted their house when their short lease of it expired, and went to another part of the kingdom. Mrs. Sullivan would fain have become more acquainted, had it been possible, with Mary Medway; but this she could not do without passing an obvious affront on the Apsleys; and when that family left the village she regretted her inability to take a particular leave of her. It was, therefore, an agreeable surprise to her, to meet Miss Medway, not long after, in one of her evening walks. The poor thing was even worse dressed than usual, looked dejected, and had a vial of physic in her hand. She did not seem desirous of being known by Mrs. Sullivan; but that lady impulsively stopped her, and expressing her joyful surprise at seeing her, requested to know whether she had left Mr. Apsley's family.

She owned, with blushes and confusion, that she had done so, and was living at the cottage of her old nurse, who was, she feared, dying.—"But when she is dead, or better, you return to them, I conclude?"—"No—never—I can never return to them," was the agitated answer. "I am going home; will you accompany me?" said Mrs.

Sullivan, kindly. "Not now; I must hasten back with this medicine."—"But may I accompany you?—I pique myself on my medical knowledge."—"But the cottage is such a poor place for you."—"Yet you inhabit it; and to enter it may be salutary to me." Mary, seeing Mrs. Sullivan was determined, led the way. The cottage was indeed, the abode of poverty, but of neatness, almost approaching to comfort; and her visit to it was the means of great enjoyment to Mrs. Sullivan, for she saw there suffering and want, which she had the means of alleviating and removing; and she had the pleasure of hearing from the lips of the dying woman, such a character of her youthful nurse, such an account of the self-denial and self-sacrifice of her dear young lady, and child, as she called her, as more than justified the early impression which she had received in her favour.

To be brief, the poor woman died; and Mary Medway, as she threw herself into Mrs. Sullivan's arms when she came to her on her hearing of her loss, exclaimed in the bitterness of her heart, "Now then, I am indeed alone in the world!"—"And so am I nearly, as my adopted son is abroad!" was the kind reply: "therefore what can two lonely persons better do, than live together, at least for a time?" The heart of the poor orphan gave ready assent to this proposal—"but," she replied, "you do not yet know why I was forced to leave the Apsleys."—"Nor will I, till you are my guest, for I wish to convince you that I confide in you, and do not believe that you left them for any unworthy reason." Mary, however, insisted on being allowed to tell her story very soon after she became Mrs. Sullivan's companion.

She informed her new friend, that, on finding John Apsley was seriously attached to her, and had offered her marriage, his parents had made her quit the house at a moment's warning; and that she had taken refuge at her nurse's. That she had vainly declared no power on earth would ever induce her to marry him—that they had disregarded her assurances, and had all of them, John excepted, sent her forth with great indignity. "No—I refused to see him; I should have done so, I trust, on principle, even if I had returned his love."—"And did you not?" "No—I esteem him because he has good qualities, and was always kind to me—but I could not love him—and when I had an opportunity of contrasting him with other men—that is, I mean, with another man," she added, deeply blushing, "I felt I never could love him under any circumstances." "I own, my adopted son, if you mean him," said Mrs. Sullivan, "is very superior to John Apsley." "He is indeed!" answered Mary, "and I pity poor

Lavinia! but perhaps he may one day return, and marry her."—"Never—never!" was the energetic reply. "Oh! I am so glad," exclaimed the artless girl—"for his sake, I mean." Mary Medway had very little fortune remaining when her father's debts had been paid, and the greater part of the income of it she had allowed to her bed-ridden nurse; what she retained of it, was just sufficient to keep her in clothes during her abode with the Apsleys:—she earned her board and lodging while there, by teaching the younger girls French, and flower-painting. "You shall earn both with me also," said Mrs. Sullivan, on hearing these details. "I will not allow you to be idle. You shall spare my eyes by reading to me; you shall write my business letters and keep my accounts. Do you consent to live with me on such terms?"—"Oh! most willingly," was the delighted answer. This arrangement was productive of mutual comfort and benefit. Mrs. Sullivan soon found that Mary united to unruffled sweetness of temper, and a total forgetfulness of self in little as well as in great things, considerable powers of mind, and feminine accomplishments. She also discovered that her voice was not inferior to Miss Apsley's, but she had not been well taught; therefore, as Mrs. Sullivan understood singing, although she had ceased to sing, she took great pleasure in instructing her, and was rewarded by her evident progress.

When the Apsleys heard where Mary now resided, they wrote most kindly to her, requesting her to return to them; informing her at the same time, that John was gone into business at Liverpool. But Mrs. Sullivan declared that she could not part with her; and Mary was very glad to stay where she was. After a six months' absence, during which Mrs. Sullivan had informed him that she had procured the most amiable and intellectual of companions. Mowbray returned, quite cured of his passion; and his friend welcomed him with the greatest joy. Mrs. Sullivan was walking on the lawn before her house when he arrived; and, after taking two or three turns together, they went in. The door of the inner apartment was open; and Mary, unconscious that any one heard her, was singing in her best manner. Mowbray stopped, and listened in delightful surprise. "Who is this charming singer?" whispered he, when she ceased. "My companion—shall I introduce you?" "By all means"—and, to his astonishment, he beheld that *dowdy girl*, Mary Medway. But he could think her so no longer. Health bloomed on her round cheek and her dark eye sparkled with happiness! And she could sing too, as well as Lavinia! Surely, then, it was jealousy that had led the Apsleys to conceal their knowledge of her musi-

cal powers! Another proof, how fortunate he had been in escaping from Lavinia's chains. And Mary was the original cause of that escape. Now, then, though not before, he felt that he could be "grateful to her;" and his *associations with her name* ceased to be *disagreeable*. Mrs. Sullivan informed him, during the course of the day, while Mary was out of the room, that she had, though with some difficulty, drawn from her companion such accounts of Lavinia's bad temper, and of the daily domestic bickerings of the family, in spite of their seeming affection before company, as had filled her with abundant thankfulness to heaven for his escape.

It was not long before Mowbray began to think, as Mrs. Sullivan had hoped he might do, that Mary Medway must make a good wife. He also fancied it would be an advantage to marry this young and tender hearted being, who had none but distant relations; and who, if he could gain her heart, would love him not only ardently, but exclusively. In short, with the entire approbation of his maternal friend, he wooed her interesting companion; and made her, after a short courtship, his wife. "I wonder which of you will govern," said Mrs. Sullivan, smiling, while they were eating their wedding breakfast with her. "Not I," said Mary, "for to obey will ever be my pleasure." "Still," replied Mowbray, "I suspect that to govern should be your right, as I doubt not your will is a more submitted one than mine; and (as our dear Mrs. Sullivan has often said) those only are fit to govern others, who have proved on all occasions, that they are capable of governing themselves."

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

THE drawings of Salvator Rosa are extremely scarce. The value placed on his most careless sketches may be judged by the following anecdote:—calling one day on Lorenzo Lippi at Florence, he was detained some time waiting for his friend, and to beguile his *ennui* he took up a card and made a sketch on it. This card has reached posterity, and is now carefully preserved in the lid of a snuff-box, in the possession of prince Rouzoumoffski, a Russian noble.

A gentleman being asked by a stranger the meaning of blue, which he heard so constantly applied, answered, "blue, applied to gentlemen, signified orange, to ladies it signified deep-red."

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

RIO JANIERO.

THE salubrity of the climate of Rio Janiero has frequently been extolled by travellers, and not without reason. But if the air of the city is balmy and refreshing, it falls infinitely short, in this respect, of the pleasure derived by those who visit its environs. Of one of the enchanting spots near Rio, a late traveller thus speaks:—

Scarcely were we beyond the streets and the noise of the town, when we stopped, as if enchanted, in the midst of a strange and luxuriant vegetation. Our eyes were attracted, sometimes by gaily coloured birds or splendid butterflies, sometimes by the singular forms of the insects, and the nests of wasps and termites hanging from the trees, sometimes by the beautiful plants scattered in the narrow valley, and on the gentle sloping hills. Surrounded by lofty airy cassias, broad-leaved, white-stemmed cecropias, thick-crowned myrtles, large-flowered bigonias, climbing tufts of the mellifluous paullinias, far-spreading tendrils of the passion-flower, and of the richly flowering hatched coronilla, above which rise the waving summits of Macauba palms, we fancied ourselves transported into the gardens of the Hesperides. Passing over several streams which were turned to good account, and hills covered with young coppice wood, we at length reached the terrace of the eminence along which the spring water for the city is conducted. A delightful prospect over the bay, the verdant islands floating in it, the harbour with its crowd of masts and various flags, and the city stretched out at the foot of the most pleasant hills, the houses and steeples dazzling in the sun, was spread before our eyes. We dwelt long on the magical view of a great European city, rising here amidst the profusion of tropical vegetation. We then pursued the road along the windings of the aqueduct. The channel is chiefly built of blocks of granite, but the vaulted covering, within which the naturalist finds many of the most singular phalangia, is of brick. Between the woody hills there are diversified romantic prospects into the valleys below. Sometimes you traverse open spots where a stronger light is reflected from the flowery ground, or from the shining leaves of the neighbouring high trees; sometimes you enter a cool shady bower. Here a thick wreath of paullinias, securidacæ, mikanias, passion-flowers, adorned with an incredible number of flowers, climb through the crowns of the celtis, the flowery rhexias and melastomas,

baubiniæ, delicate mimosas, shining myrtles; there, bushy night-shades, sebastianias, eupatorias, crotons, ægiphilas, and innumerable other plants, form an impenetrable thicket, amidst which grow immense stems of the silk cotton tree, (*bombax*) or silver-leaved cecropia, thorny brazil wood tree, of the lecythis, with its singular fruit resembling a pitcher, slender stems of the cabbage-palm, and many others, in part still unnamed, sovereigns of the woods. The majestic sight, the repose and silence of these woods, interrupted only by the buzz of the gay humming birds fluttering from flower to flower, and by the singular notes of unknown birds and insects, peculiarly affect the mind of the man of sensibility, who feels himself as it were regenerated in the glorious prospect.

Nothing can be compared to the beauty of this retreat, when the most sultry hours of the day are past, and gentle breezes impregnated with balsamic perfumes from the neighbouring wooded mountains, cool the air. This enjoyment continues to increase as the night spreads over the land and the sea, which shines at a distance, and the city, when the noise of business has subsided, is gradually lighted. He who has not personally experienced the enchantment of tranquil moonlight nights in these happy latitudes, can never be inspired, even by the most faithful description, with those feelings which scenes of such wondrous beauty excite in the mind of the beholder. A delicate transparent mist hangs over the country, the moon shines brightly amidst heavy singularly grouped clouds, the outlines of the objects which are illuminated by it are clear and well defined, while a magic twilight seems to remove from the eye those which are in shade. Scarce a breath of air is stirring, and the neighbouring mimosas, that have folded up their leaves to sleep, stand motionless beside the dark crowns of the manga, the jaca, and the ætherial jambos; or sometimes a sudden wind arises, and the juiceless leaves of the acaju rustle, the richly flowered grumijama and pitanga let drop a fragrant shower of snow-white blossoms; the crowns of the majestic palms wave slowly over the silent roof which they overshadow, like a symbol of peace and tranquillity. Shrill cries of the cicada, the grasshopper, and tree frog, make an incessant hum, and produce, by their monotony, a pleasing melancholy. A stream gently murmuring descends from the mountains, and the macuc, with its almost human voice, seems to call for help from a distance. Every quarter of an hour different balsamic odours fill the air, and other flowers alternately unfold their leaves to the night, and almost overpower the senses with their perfume: now it is the bowers of paul-

linias, or the neighbouring orange grove; then the thick tufts of the eupatoria, or the bunches of the flowers of the palms suddenly bursting, which disclose their blossoms, and thus maintain a constant succession of fragrance. While the silent vegetable world, illuminated by swarms of fireflies, (*Elater phosphoreus noctilucus*) as by a thousand moving stars, charms the night by its delicious effluvia, brilliant lightnings play incessantly in the horizon, and elevate the mind in joyful admiration to the stars, which, glowing in solemn silence in the firmament above the continent and ocean, fill the soul with a presentiment of still sublimer wonders. In the enjoyment of the peaceful and magic influence of such nights, the newly arrived European remembers with tender longings his native home, till the luxuriant scenery of the tropics has become to him a second country.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS.

RUSSIAN DRAMATICS.

At the last sitting of the Russian Academy, Prince Alexander Chakhovskoy read some scenes of a comedy which he is composing. It is entitled *Aristophanes*. It is entirely of a new character, and is most like the *Amphitryon* of Plautus, which Molière has adapted to the European boards. The reception of these scenes is said to have been gratifying, and the audience, which was numerous, testified by applause the satisfaction which it felt. Prince Chakhovskoy is deemed the first comic poet of Russia. He has written upwards of fifty pieces for the stage, consisting of tragedies, comedies, operas, and vaudevilles. The subject of *Aristophanes* is taken from history: it is on the day on which Aristophanes proposes to give to the public his piece composed in ridicule of Cleon, who was then all-powerful at Athens. Aristophanes finds that the credit of Cleon prevents the representation; and on the refusal of the comedians to appear in the character in which Cleon is represented in the most ridiculous way, he determines to play it himself. The sculptors, however, refuse to make a mask of Cleon for the author, who still determines to play the character without the mask, if he cannot with: but to make the character clearly known to the public, he disrobes Cleon of his chlamys by means of a courtesan named Alcinoë, his mistress, of whom Cleon is also fond. The *jeux de mots* and the wit of the piece the writer has borrowed from Aristophanes, and they give it a very peculiar character. This comedy is in three acts.

and in easy verse, the different rhymes of which are appropriated to the different actors. In a scene where Cleon appears surrounded with his flatterers, each one addresses him in a different measure: one in choraic; another, remarkable for presumption, in dactylic, &c. The gayest scene is where Xantippe arrives in a rage, which she vents on Cleon as well as the rest in a truly comic manner. The conclusion of the piece witnesses Aristophanes carried in triumph, and Cleon exposed to the laugh of the Athenian people.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF MR. JOHN MURDOCH.

MR. JOHN MURDOCH was born at Ayr, in Scotland, April 5th, 1747, where he received a liberal education, which was subsequently improved at Edinburgh and Paris, and he finally established himself as a teacher of elocution in London. Early in life he taught English at Alloway, where Robert Burns, the poet, became his pupil, and to his careful attention to the cultivation of Robert's talents, his brother Gilbert principally attributes the fame the poet afterwards so deservedly obtained. Mr. Murdoch next followed his profession at Dumfries, and subsequently obtained the mastership of the school at Ayr, where both the Burns's again became his pupils, and he is thus spoken of by Gilbert:—'Thus you see Mr. Murdoch was a principal means of my brother's improvement. Worthy man! Though foreign to my present purpose, I cannot take leave of him without tracing his future history. He continued for some years a respected and useful teacher at Ayr, till one evening, when off his guard, he happened to speak somewhat disrespectful of Dr. Dalrymple, the parish minister, who had not paid him that attention to which he thought himself entitled. In Ayr, he might as well have spoken blasphemy.'

Mr. Murdoch, in consequence, found it proper to give up his employment, and went to London; after a short stay there, he went to Paris, and for several years studied the French language, of which he became a perfect master. In 1777 he returned from France, and in 1779 married Isabella Henderson, a native of Aberdeen, by whom he had four children, all of whom died in infancy except one daughter, who is married and has a numerous offspring. Mr. Murdoch established himself as a teacher of languages in Hart-street, Bloomsbury, where he fitted up a circulating library, the care of which principally devolving on Mrs. M. he busied himself in teaching; and many

persons of celebrity are enumerated among his scholars. Among the refugee clergy and nobility of France, during the revolution, he had several distinguished pupils; and M. Talleyrand was of the number, until he was compelled to quit the country by order of the British government. The conspicuous part this celebrated statesman has since played in Europe, sometimes gave rise to inquiries of his manners and conversation while under tuition, to which Mr. Murdoch replied that M. Talleyrand never showed attention to any thing but his studies while with him.

In 1783 Mr. Murdoch published *A Radical Vocabulary of the French Language*, and, in 1788, the *Pronunciation and Orthography of the French Language*; both much valued as elementary books. Mr. Walker, the celebrated orthoëpist, was intimately acquainted with Mr. Murdoch; and after the decease of the former, Mr. M. edited the stereotype edition of his *Pronouncing Dictionary*, for which task he was peculiarly qualified. Indeed, Mr. M. so much admired and valued the work of his friend, that he prepared a dictionary upon nearly the same plan, more extensive in words but without their meanings correctly accentuated, which has never been printed. In 1811, he published his *Dictionary of Distinctions*, a work more fit for teachers and the curious in the varieties of our pronunciation than for general use. Mr. Murdoch's piety prompted him to publish a tract, a few years since, entitled *A Present for Young or Old*, being the decalogue of suitable responses, which it is believed he valued more than any of his works of greater magnitude. Like the generality of authors Mr. Murdoch died in needy circumstances, and it is gratifying to observe that a subscription has lately been got up in London for the benefit of his widow.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONES AT DR. MITCHILL'S,

No. VI.

SOME fragments of an ancient Roman wall was produced by N. Goodsett, Esq. They had been taken by himself from the Baths, in the antique palace of Thermæ, near Paris. That edifice is stated to have been the residence of Julian, who was sent with orders to defend Gaul, in the year three hundred and sixty, and who was proclaimed emperor, in the square on the front

of it, two years afterwards. It was famous for its tepid baths, which have withstood the ravages of time for more than fourteen hundred years, and are still impervious to the water. The materials may, of course, be considered as perfect specimens of *cement making*, at the time they were compounded or put together. Mr. G. then demonstrated that the mass consisted of a thin kind of fire-baked bricks, laid in the cement; which is now so hard, that the bricks will break in two sooner than separate from the cement. The fracture resembles *stucco*, or rather *breccia*. He then stated that analysis had proved to experimenters, that the cement was a *sulphate of lime*, or *plaster of Paris*; and exhibited a piece of the modern raw material from the quarries of Montmartre. He further observed that he had paid particular attention to the method of preparing *gypseous* cement, by the masons and architects of Paris, at this time; and found such an exact resemblance between this modern composition and the ancient Roman cement, that he had no hesitation to pronounce them the same, and that such an aggregate is equally useful now as in days of yore, for "all hydraulic purposes." The plaster is prepared in the common way, by having its water of crystallization expelled by heat, and then made to re-crystallize, or set, as the workmen call it; when it is found to resist the action of the water and air for a great length of time. It was considered that the facts were highly worthy of public attention; that the ancient and tried method of constructing walls, cisterns, and baths, by an artificial mixture of broken bricks and calcined gypsum, might be recommended, under so high an authority, to their imitation; with the expectation that extensive and lasting benefit will result from the adoption of the practice.

The specimens of shells brought from the Gulf of Mexico, by Mr. J. Adams and Mr. Midshipman Pettit, make good additions to our collections of conchology. There were some beautiful specimens of *murex*, *buccinum*, *turbo*, *pecten*, *tellina*, and others. The articles are deservedly considered as indications of the taste which the gentlemen possess in collecting these productions of the *molluscos* tribes; and proof of their generosity in the manner of disposing of them.

Two productions from the Isthmus of Da-

rien, by Mr. George Ellis, a resident there, through Messrs. Catheal of New-York, were taken into consideration. One was a species of *wild or native silk*, gathered from the trees in the neighbourhood of Panama, and resembling flocks of white wool, with the exception of its possessing a longer staple, that is truly silken. It was not stated in the history of the article, by what insect it was formed, nor upon what plant that insect fed. But it was sent for the purpose of trying the market, and of discovering in this age of domestic industry and improvement, whether it was capable of being manufactured into any thing useful. It is certainly desirable that a natural production of such an imposing and specious appearance should be made the subject of fair experiments by the skinner, the dyer, the weaver, and the wearer: the other was the stem of a tree or shrub, about two inches in diameter, with its root or descending caudex, which from its crisped or frizzled appearance, is called "negro-head," or "negro-hair." It is reported to be a powerful remedy against lues, when taken by the patient in the form of decoction, and was sent hither in several considerable bundles, to make known to druggists, apothecaries, and practising physicians, an antisyphilitic remedy, high in vogue among the inhabitants near Pearl-key lagoon, along the Musquito shore.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

SICILIAN LITERATURE.—In 1821 and 1822, only about fifty-six works were published; but it would seem that the list contained in the *Bibliothèque Italienne* cannot be complete, for there is but one political work, "On the right of Sicily to National Independence," by Baron Fr. Ventura. Sicilian literature is equally poor in its journals. There is a publication called the *Iris*, a journal of sciences, letters, and arts; but it is not very expensively got up, being principally composed of extracts from foreign journals. The *Abeille*, which served as a literary gazette for Sicily, was so badly supported, that it ceased at the twelfth number. The *Journal de Médecine*, in which are published the observations made at the great hospital of Palermo, may be interesting to the class of individuals for which it is intended. There is no contest in the career of the drama. In the years 1821 and 1822, Sicily produced only two melo-

dramas. The greater part of the works which issue from the Sicilian presses relate to antiquities and the fine arts.

A republication has taken place at Paris of the Fragments on Roman Law, discovered by the laborious and learned Angelo Mai, in a palimpsest MS. in the Vatican. The titles of these fragments are, *De Empto et Vendito*; *De Usu Fructu*; *De Dotibus et Re Uxoria*; *De Excusatione*; *Quando donator intelligatur revocasse voluntatem*; *De Donationibus ad legem Cinciam*; *De Cognitoribus et Procuratoribus*. Unfortunately, numerous chasms in the manuscript have not permitted the development of the whole of the author's observations on the above important subjects.

M. le Comte Orloff, the Russian senator, amateur in all that is scientific and literary, and during several years a resident in France, has just published a work in three volumes, entitled, *Voyage dans une partie de la France*. It is written in the form of letters, and is both interesting and instructive.

A new literary monthly journal is announced at Paris. It proposes to give information of all the works published, discoveries made, progress ascertained, &c. in the arts and sciences in every country of Europe; and is to be published in English at London, French at Paris, Italian in Italy, German in Germany, &c. The liberal *coterie litteraire* of Paris are named as the chief writers in the French department.

NEW LAMP.—A neat and convenient self-illuminating lamp has been invented by Mr. H. Berry. It consists of a small tin box, about six inches long and three wide; it is divided longitudinally, and one of the divisions (out of which a wick arises,) is filled with oil or spirits of wine. On the other side there is an apparatus, the principal parts of which are, a sort of reel of three points, and a pulley to which a silk string of any length is attached; on pulling this, the reel makes one movement, and the first point, which is armed with a match, strikes against the wick, and instantly ignites it. A clear and bright flame is thus lighted, and will burn for eighteen hours, at a trifling expense: threepence per week will keep the machine in trim.

MECHANISM.—Mr. Linnie, a native of Scotland, has lately completed a curious piece of mechanism, comprising a complete fowling-piece, barrel thirty-three inches long, calibre 5-8 inch; detonating lock, butt, with proper angle, ramrod, &c.; a complete fishing-rod, about twelve feet long,

dog-call, looking-glass, and snuff-box, with pen, in the small compass of an ordinary sized walking-stick, weighing about three and a half pounds. When used as a fowling-piece, it contains a flask with powder and shot sufficient for twelve or fourteen charges, and can be used as a walking-stick or fishing-rod, loaded and primed, with the greatest safety. Its portability is such that it can be transformed and re-transformed to all its purposes, including loading, priming, and firing, in the short space of three minutes.

HUMAN LIFE ESTIMATED BY PULSATION.

—An ingenious author asserts, that the length of a man's life may be estimated by the number of pulsations he has strength to perform. Thus, allowing 70 years for the common age of man, and 60 pulses in a minute for the common measure of pulses in a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life would amount to 2,207,520,000; but if, by intemperance, he forces his blood into a more rapid motion, so as to give 75 pulses in a minute, the same number of pulses would be completed in 56 years; consequently, his life would be reduced 14 years.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

A Summary View of America, comprising a description of the face of the Country, and of several of the principal Cities, and Remarks on the social, moral, and political Character of the People, &c. By an Englishman. 8vo. pp. 503. London, T. Cadell. Edinburgh, W. Blackwood.

THIS is chiefly a narrative of personal adventure, and the author, who it seems was once a pedestrian traveller among us, has, we think, entitled his performance a "*Summary View*," with great propriety; for it in fact conveys very general information concerning us, and of that, but little which is new, never entering into detail, and rarely indulging in profound disquisition or philosophical speculation. It is the mere memorandum book of a traveller, and like most works of that description, was not, we are told, originally designed for publication. Had the author never changed his purpose, the world would not, we think, have had any occasion to go into mourning; for while the volume can make no pretension to utility, informing the inquiring reader of hardly one thing that is specific and de-

finite, it has not the recommendation that many other sketches equally meagre present—that of propriety and elegance of style. It is natural in the reader of a book of travels, when he finds the author so entirely *sans souci* in matters generally conceived to be of some importance, to desire at least agreeable periods, fanciful embellishments, and occasionally, corruscations of wit. If he cannot obtain intelligence from the book, he wishes to discover piquancy and beauty in its manner and dress. Should he do so in the present instance, we fear that he will be disappointed, unless he be happily of an accommodating disposition.

But if we do not feel justified in commending the volume before us on the ground either of utility or elegance, we would do violence to our feelings if we did not approbate the *spirit* in which it is written, being, with occasional exceptions, the reverse of that which animated the tribe that formerly visited us. Our traveller appears to have been truly disposed to be satisfied with our manners and morals, and is willing to acknowledge that we are not actually the brutes that some of his countrymen have represented us to be. There are certainly many things in the volume which as Americans we cannot possibly read with satisfaction; but we make large allowances for the cherished habits, opinions, and prejudices of a foreigner, and for the difference between those institutions in our country and in his, which have an important influence on the feelings, and give its principal bias to the mind. And, indeed, we should deem it matter of considerable regret, if our respective governments and laws, constituted as they now are, were in substance so very little at variance, that our individual characters should perfectly assimilate.

It is to the above-mentioned great and essential difference, that we attribute the distorted views, which the author has taken of our constitution and political condition. The errors of many of his conclusions could easily be refuted, and, indeed, his general manner of reasoning is loose and unsatisfactory; but we have not room enough for controversy, and besides, his sophistries are too palpable to mislead. We cannot take umbrage at his disgust of the power which the constitution has preserved to the "Mobility," as he styles the people of our country,

when we bear in mind that he is a most loyal subject of John Bull; and not loyal to him merely, because he happens to be the head of his nation, and therefore his lord and master, but because "being *no great admirer of republicanism*, and being *strongly attached to a monarchy*," king Bull, according to the fitness of things, *ought to be* his lord and master. The author tells us, however, that he is fond of liberty: oh yes, he is fond of liberty, but he differs from us in this, that in his opinion, "liberty is best when under restraint." We doubt whether this anomalous notion will satisfy many individuals on this side of the Atlantic.

Yet, though we have said that we esteem the spirit in which the book is written, we cannot forbear to remark, that in speaking of Mr. Jefferson, the author has violated the decorum which an accomplished mind is always studious to observe. We do not mean to censure him for condemning the political sentiments of that illustrious votary of freedom; we esteem such condemnation, entertaining the opinions that the author does, as the highest testimony of worth that Mr. Jefferson can receive. Though it be beyond the scope of the author's intellectual powers to controvert the doctrines of which Mr. J. has been an efficient advocate and supporter, and though it be the extreme of presumption to pass *his* opinion on the politics of that gentleman, still, for so much as his ideas may be worth, we consider them as substantially a compliment to the venerable Sage of Monticello. But we were pained to see a gentleman of his age, his former political elevation, and his attainments in literature and science, always disrespectfully mentioned without any addition—Jefferson.

There is one part of the book, being "an imperfect survey" of our literature, which we think the author might have expunged to advantage. It is obvious that he is not qualified to sit in judgment on the works that he treats of, and his praise or his censure will alike be received with indifference. It argues perhaps something more than a want of modesty for *him* to derogate from the high reputation of our countryman Irving; and if his remarks affect nobody more than that gentleman, our "Englishman" may consider himself fortunate.

In short, it may be said that the work, if

considered with relation to usefulness, is deficient in almost every requisite; and if considered not as a book of travels but a piece of fine writing, as a gentleman's port-folio, wherein he is to set down, at leisure and in dishabille, for his own amusement and the amusement of the world, his observations and his thoughts, his moods and his notions, his adventures and mis-haps, that it wants the principal ingredients of such a holiday book—elegance of mind in the author, and elegance of language and style. The following may be adduced as a specimen of his aptitude and excellence of illustration. Speaking of the brilliancy of an American sunset, he says—"The sky seemed in flame, as bright as an iron furnace when the liquid metal flows from it into the moulds."

But notwithstanding its defects, it is occasionally entertaining, and in general we can read it without feeling an inclination to yawn.

G.

LORD BYRON.

THE age has lost its brightest intellect! "By strangers honoured and by strangers mourned," this extraordinary man has gone down to death. At the very time when a new and strong impulse had been given to his mighty mind, when he had thrown off the langour of contemplation, and applied all his energies to a cause on which the world gazed with anxious eyes, when he was preparing to add the honours of the statesman and soldier to the poet's fame, Lord Byron has been summoned to eternity.

When such a man dies, it is not his country that possesses a privilege to lament him most: the intellectual world has a right to mingle its regrets, as strong and as sincere as those of the land which gave him birth. The whole earth is the home of exalted genius; and all men of lofty, gifted, and honourable spirit, are its countrymen. It is in such a grave as Byron's that we must look for the

"Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darkened nations when they died."

England will grieve for him as for an extraordinary, generous, yet wayward son; but the pride of having given him birth will blend with her sorrows. England, however, is not the land upon which the history of Lord Byron will confer honour. We do not mean to make national reflections; but if

those of his countrymen with whom he was thrown more immediately in contact had not been so destitute of generosity, integrity, and honour, we might not thus early have been obliged to record his death. How easily the reptile may sting the lion! The last years of Napoleon's life were embittered by the insults of a paltry pander to an ungenerous government, and the arts of a base-born and scandalous waiting-maid operating upon the mind of a vain and shallow wife, drove Byron from his country to die amongst strangers. To the ungenerous and heartless conduct of Lady Byron, Lord Noel, and their partisans, we may justly ascribe many of the errors into which Lord Byron subsequently fell. They broke the bonds of his domestic comfort, they exiled him from the friendly intercourse of a large portion of society, they roused against him the bloodhound pack of malignity, slander, and envy, that are ever on the watch to fasten their teeth on exalted genius. And on what foundation? the assertion of a vulgar, cunning, and infamous chamber-maid. Well may the earth-worm nestle on the breast of departed greatness, when human reptiles can so easily sting the heart of living worth!

It is not our intention to enter upon an exculpation of the character of some parts of Lord Byron's productions. He has written that which might well have been unwritten; but he has also struck his mighty lyre to thoughts which are purer, brighter, and loftier than those of any living poet. What if he have poured forth again and again his high and haughty scorn of mankind—what if he have sported with the fine and affectionate feelings of humanity—has he not also thrown over the character of man the colours of nobleness, courage, fortitude, and magnanimity?—Has he not also expressed the feelings of affection the most enduring, faith the most fervent, and love the most pure, devoted, and exalted? And are we to fix our eyes on the errors alone of genius, and to shut them on its brightness?

Byron lived long enough for his fame—that bears the stamp of eternity; he lived long enough for his native country—she scourged him and he disowned her; but he did not live long enough for "the clime of the unforgotten brave"—Greece will long lament the generous stranger who aided her treasury with his wealth, her armies with

his sword, and her councils with his genius.
Greece will cherish his memory as a sacred
and holy legacy, and her historic muse will
record his name as nobly as she has record-
ed those of Epaminondas and Philopœmen.

J. G. B.

THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty
dwell."

Then came hot *July*, boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away;
Upon a lion raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey.

SPENSER.

CALENDAR—JULY.

Mark Anthony named this month in ho-
mage to the memory of Julius Cæsar. Its
former name was *Quintilis*. (the fifth month)
It was called by the Saxons *Hew Monath*,
from the hay harvest. On the 23d the sun
enters *Leo*, commencing the hottest season
of the year.

Twilight lingers dim and deep,
Hushing earth in dewy sleep;
Till along the amber sky
Morning's fiery arrows fly,
And in a slow surging fold
From the land the mist is rolled,
Nature's gorgeous theatre;
Showing splendours far and near,
Solemn wood, and sheltered bay
Where some weary bark, that lay
All night enclosed by the bank,
Through the willow clustering dank,
Shines along with hollow sail,
Shifting to the morning gale.
Village sounds are waking now:
Birds are singing on the bough;
Through the hoary umbraged oak
Slowly curls the cottage smoke;
To the forest far and gray
Chants the woodman on his way.
Now the fisher through the pool
Woodbine shaded, clear and cool,
Where, by moss and tufted weed,
Loves the speckled trout to feed,
Wades with cautious step and eye,
Flinging oft the gilded fly;
Yet, with deep delighted ear,
Pausing in his sport, to hear
Where the milk-maids merry song
Rings the primrose path along,
Some sweet measure of the time
When the heart was in the rhyme;
Or along the distant hill
Softened comes the whistle shrill,
Telling where beside his team,
That, ascending in the beam,
Like a fiery troop appear,
Toils the weary waggoner!
Sights like these let sluggards scorn,
Joy is in the Summer Morn.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 14. Vol. I. of *New Series* of the *MIR-
NERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Lady of Birkin-
hayn.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Tribes of the Cauca-
sus.*

THE DRAMA.—*The Actors and the Vag-
rant Act.—Dramatic Anecdotes.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Character of Dr. Johnson.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at
Dr. Mitchell's.—Scientific and Literary Notices
from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Peter Schlemihl; a Tale
from the German of La Motte Fouque.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Ennui.* By Anastasio.

THE GRACES.—*Grecian Women.*

POETRY.—*To the Moon; a Fantasy.* By
"C. T. R."

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

Erratum.—In the Review of "*Redwood*,"
last week, the word *renewed* was printed in-
stead of *received*.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

A machine propelled by water for making
shingles has been invented in Massachusetts.
It is managed by boys, and one person, it is
stated, can make 3000 shingles a day of a uni-
form thickness, without waste of timber.

A mixture of an equal quantity of any kind
of spirits, sharp vinegar, and common salt, is
said to be a sovereign remedy for the toothach
on entering the cavity of the tooth.

The Massachusetts American Academy of
Arts and Sciences, have offered a premium of
\$100 in value, for the best essay on the "ma-
terials which exist for the History of the Na-
tive Tribes of America, before the discovery of
the continent by Columbus."

In addition to Kean and Dowton, Mr. Price
the manager of the Park Theatre, is stated to
have re-engaged Mr. Mathews for this country.

The new novel from the pen of the author of
Waverly, is entitled "*Redgauntlet*; a tale of
the eighteenth century."

MARRIED,

Capt. T. Carman to Miss E. Miller.
Mr. E. Force to Miss C. Hoppings.
Mr. W. N. Seymour to Miss A. R. Halsey.
Mr. N. Lounsbery to Miss M. Purdy.
Mr. W. Flandrau to Miss J. Payntz.
Mr. R. M. Stratton to Miss J. Wilson.
Rev. M. B. Rorke to Miss S. E. Howard.

DIED,

Mr. L. Freeman, aged 24 years.
Mr. G. Gray, aged 30 years.
Mrs. R. Moses, aged 72 years.
Mr. J. Van Antwerp, aged 72 years.
Mr. A. Mather, aged 31 years.
Mrs. M. Hassan, aged 25 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

LINES.

Addressed by the celebrated Earl of Peterborough to Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk.

From the Suffolk Letters.

I said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
 "Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
 What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
 By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation?"

Thus accus'd, the wild thing gave this sober reply:—
 "See, the heart without motion, though Celia pass by!
 Not the beauty she has, not the wit that she borrows,
 Give the eye any joys or the heart any sorrows.

When our Sappho appears—she, whose wit so refin'd
 I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind—
 Whatever she says is with spirit and fire;
 Every word I attend, but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
 Ever gazing on Heaven, though man is her aim;
 'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes—
 Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

"But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
 Her wit so genteel, without art, without care;
 When she comes in my way—the motion, the pain,
 The leapings, the achings, return all again."

O wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
 Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season;
 When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
 Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she!

THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.

The Prophet spoke; the Father heard,
 And shudder'd at each awful word,
 Which, utter'd by that white-robed seer,
 Smote deeply on his startled ear:
 —"And is it thus," he wildly cried,
 "And may no blood save thine be shed,
 My daughter? Thou, my earliest pride,
 The sunbeam of my wintry years,
 On whom I rested hopes and fears,
 Shalt thou be number'd with the dead?
 Thine 'twere a meeter task to fling
 Fresh floweret o'er my pictured urn,
 And bearing first-fruits of the spring,
 And bidding Argive maidens mourn,
 To soothe, with rites all duly paid,
 Thy father's solitary shade,
 Than thus, in virgin beauty given
 A spotless victim to the skies,
 Thy soul should seek its native heaven,
 A sinful sire's atoning sacrifice.
 Yet, as I gaze, and gazing weep,
 The north wind's wrath is heard on high;
 The breaker sounds along the deep,
 The storm is brooding in the sky;
 And here a thousand sails are set,
 All idly to the opposing blast;
 And here, in fruitless council met,

We ponder upon injuries past,
 And muttering curses to the main,
 And vows of vengeance made in vain,
 Still linger. O'er the troublous sea
 The ocean-spirit summons thee,
 And voices mingling with the wave
 Have doom'd thee to a fearful grave.
 —And wouldst thou bid thy father's name
 Be branded with a traitor's shame?—
 Shall after-time to mockery give
 The sire, who chose his child to live,
 Rather than, leading to the fight
 A Grecian people's warrior might,
 With snow-white crests all proudly glancing
 Where Hellespont's blue waves are dancing,
 On perjured Troy's devoted shore
 A dreadful retribution pour!"—

He ceased, and in his half-closed eye
 Flash'd forth unutter'd agony;
 And thoughts of death were blended there,
 And inward workings of despair,
 And memories of the past, that stole
 In tumult o'er his shuddering soul.
 But of the darkness of his lot
 All other outward sign was none;
 He stood, as though he trembled not
 For her, his best-beloved one.

He gave his word: the priest obeyed;
 The victim on the shrine was laid,
 And, shrouded in her saffron vest,
 She meekly bowed to meet her doom
 No power withstood the Chief's behest,
 To snatch her from an early tomb.
 Mute, like a form of stone, she seem'd,
 Save that, as on the king it beam'd,
 Within her blue eye's tremulous gaze
 Some feeling yet survived, which spoke
 Remembrance of those happy days,
 When in her father's hall she woke
 Sweet music's voice, or to the skies
 Join'd in the hymn of sacrifice.

That dreadful deed was done at last—
 The wild waves knew the changing blast;
 A thousand oars prepared to sweep
 The freshening seas, a thousand sails
 Quiver'd upon the western gales—
 The stormy Pæan rung along the deep.
 "Away, away, the rites are paid,
 And vengeance, which hath long delay'd
 With heavier, surer, deadlier blow,
 Shall lay the lordly city low:
 Away, away." But he, their chief,
 Nor heard those sounds, nor long'd to hear;
 He felt a father's deadening grief;
 His daughter's groans were on his ear:
 And, oh! through many a distant year,
 'Mid festive shout, or battle's din,
 The quenchless memory burn'd within
 Of her whom, in her purity,
 His ruthless voice had doom'd to die.

TO

Return me that salute again,
 If thou of such a coldness art,
 I value not the trifle—vain
 To me, unless with all the heart
 Thou gavest it, as first indeed I thought,
 If otherwise, I value it as nought.

I would as leave a marble lip
In all its icy chillness kiss,
As hers who suffer'd me to sip
And could not feel a mutual bliss,
Whose soft salute is yielded void of sense,
A reckless act of cold indifference.

One, lovely fair as thou may'st be,
That feels no pleasure, but receives
The proffer'd gift in apathy,
Heedless of him who takes or gives,
Never can raise a hope or wish in me,
Or gain an hour my love's idolatry.

What can I think that gift is worth
That to another means the same,
In scenes of passion or of mirth;
To him who feels or not love's flame!
How can I trust where nothing to me tells
A preference for one fellow-mortal dwells!

No, lady, I must have a soul
That says, whene'er I snatch a kiss,
"This is *thine* only, I control
To all but thee the sign of bliss;
And when I give it thee, I secret fling
My heart with its last core into the thing.

"To others I may yield a form,
Given but at custom's silly call;
To thee I give affection warm,
The virgin's faith, her love, her all;
And when thine image brightens in mine eyes,
The lifestream quickens, and I breathe in sighs."

Then, lady, take my kiss again:—
The alabaster stone
May beauty show in semblance fair,
But 'tis in form alone:
There is no life, no passion dwelling there,
And without these beauty is but a snare.

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY.

Author unknown.

I do confess thou'rt young and fair,
And I might have been brought to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That breath could move, had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, but find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets;
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisseth every thing it meets.
And since thou can'st with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be lov'd by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with its briars, how sweet it smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd by ruder hands,
Its sweet no longer with it dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from it, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like faded flowers—be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh, when some will smile,
To see thy love for every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

MADRIGAL.

From the Portuguese of Camoens.

Why art thou clothed in sad array
For him whose days are done,
Yet dost no sign of grief display
For those thy lightning glances slay?
Though he thou mournest be but one,
More than a thousand they!

Thou bendest on the lover's prayer
The tearless eye of scorn,
And while thou dost with barbarous care
The illusive guise of feeling wear,
Though pity's garb thy breast adorn,
She never enters there!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

I.

Ere death the mortal blow can give,
Our portion must have been, to *live*;
And men should shun, as e'en the devil,
Each act which is, or tends to, *evil*;
Lastly, in this we clearly trace,
How *vile* is all the human race!

II.

Ere eighteen hundred xxi.
Is passed away, completely gone,
Write its final end;
The season's compliments I give,
And long I wish that you may *live*
The *patriot's* faithful friend.

III.

One night Maria late would stray,
To hear the nightingale's soft lay;
But soon fled back, in sore affright,
Scar'd by the glowworm's twinkling light.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

The swinish mob, bent on decapitation,
Gave me a name unlike my state or station,
And setting forth *one* head, sirs, as my due,
Although 'tis very plain that I have *two*;
And what is drawn from them in conversation,
Has puzzled oft the wise heads of the nation.
With me when amply filled with belly spacious,
The rich, the poor—saints, sinners, all are gracious;
But when exhausted and my spirits low,
Me spurning then, in dungeon dark, they throw.

II.

My first obliquely meets the earth,
The ancients gave my second birth;
My whole's a pledge 'twixt earth and heav'n,
By our Almighty Father given.

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